Hot Summer Nights

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/72348056.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Boots (Netflix)

Relationship:
Sergeant Liam Robert "Bobby" Sullivan/Major Aaron Wilkinson

Characters:
Major Aaron Wilkinson, Sergeant Liam Robert "Bobby" Sullivan

Additional Tags:
Military, Mutual Pining, Second Chances

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-10-12 Words: 1,875 Chapters: 1/1

Hot Summer Nights

by Cherry19

Summary

Sullivan and Wilkinson meet again, five years after everything went wrong.

“Yo, Sullivan, sorry, I know its your night off but can you come work the door tonight? Sanchez’s a no show.”

Sullivan groaned. He was half asleep already, having finished a gruelling shift at the factory a few hours prior. Sullivan hated factory work — but beggars couldn’t be choosers. Not many employers would overlook a dishonourable discharge. It was the only legit work he’d been able to pick up in the past five years, so he kept his head down and stuck it.

“Sure, be there in twenty.” He slammed the phone down on the receiver and dragged himself out of bed. Working the door at Glory was meant to be a temporary gig he’d picked up when he first got out. Nowhere wanted to touch him with a six foot pole and his savings were only enough to tide him over so long. He’d needed easy cash and bouncing was the easiest there was. He still had that bulky, Marine-build which discouraged trouble, and the kind of clean cut good looks that encouraged patrons — or so Ricky, the owner had told him.

The line was down the street when he pulled round back. He slammed the door of his Chevy and stretched to shake off the last grogginess before he pushed his way through the already packed club.

“Ah Jar Head has finally decided to grace us with his presence, I see,” Don joked as he pushed his way past the coat drop and out to the door.

“Go choke on a dick, Donny,” Sullivan called back to him.

“You offering Jar Head?” Sullivan rolled his eyes, one side of his mouth pulling up in humour.

Sullivan stepped out into the warm Miami night and joined the other bouncer to hold court over the entryway. Sullivan looked down the line, surveying the rowdy crowd. There were boys barely old enough to drink, t-shirts cut barely under their nipples; men taller than Sullivan with more hair on their chests than Sullivan would produce on his entire body. Large groups and loners, drag queens and blue collar-looking guys. Regulars and those just passing through.

“Hey Pretty Boy, if you let us cut, I’ll make it worth your while?” A voice called from the fray. Sullivan sighed. It was gonna be long night.

———

“Bobby?”

Sullivan had gone into the club to check capacity and been sidetracked strong-arming a creep, who had groped one of the dancers, to the door when he heard the name.

It wasn’t for him. It never was.

He pushed the guy to the gutter and the man picked himself back up quickly, running off to god knows where.

A hand gripped Sullivan’s arm and he spun readying for another fight.

“Bobby?”

It was like a punch to the gut — seeing him after all this time.

“Aaron.” He choked out, winded.

Aaron’s hand tightened on his bicep. His brown eyes searching Sullivan’s own.

Sullivan had forgotten how much shorter Aaron was than him. In his dreams, they were never like this, standing toe to toe on a side-street in Miami.

“What are you doing here?” Aaron asked. His gaze shifting down to take in the black bomber jacket he wore, stopping on the SECURITY badge sewn into the material.

“I work here.” Sullivan confirmed.

“I thought you’d still be in the corps…” Aaron’s voice had a note of strain to it that Sullivan couldn’t decipher.

“Hey Jar Head, quit gabbing and start clearly people out!” Don called from the entryway.

“It's close, I gotta—“, “Can we—”, they both started at the same time.

Sullivan looked into Aaron’s eyes and recognised the pleading there.

“My car’s round back if you wanna wait.” Sullivan pulled his keys from his jean pocket and held them out to Aaron who dragged them wordlessly into his own grip.

———

Sullivan cleared the last of the stragglers, and clocked off with his usual cash in hand and a little extra for the short notice. He hoped that if Aaron had changed his mind and decided to bail, he had at least remembered to leave his car keys.

He passed out the club into the dark of the lot behind it and saw Aaron's silhouette sitting in the passenger side, illuminated slightly from the neon sign that glowed from the bar on the street over.

Sullivan's breath caught in his throat and all the aching shame, the burning guilt, and hollow regret from the last five years punched through him in a split second. He rolled his shoulders back, clenched his jaw, and walked over to pull the door open.

"I wasn't sure if you'd still be here." He settled into the driver's seat, his knuckles drawn tight, white over the steering wheel.

Aaron watched him silently for a second and then said, "Is there somewhere we can go?"

Sullivan thought for a second. He didn't want Aaron to see the cramped apartment he rented on the wrong side of town, not when he glanced over at Aaron and noticed that he was looking as polished as he'd ever seen him, in a crisp white shirt, rumpled only by a few creases despite the fact that he'd been in Glory just a bit ago.He'd always wondered what happened to Aaron after his arrest. It didn't look so bad at first appearances.

A gold watch donned his wrist, offset again Aaron's rich brown skin. Sullivan ached to touch that skin. To feel Aaron's course hair rub against him once more. He shook away the thought.

"There's a diner." Sullivan confirmed, and turned the engine over.

———

They sat across from each other, both leaned back against the booth seats as though even now the threat of discovery necessitated distance between them. But there was no threat. There was nothing between them now.

They each got coffee. Neither of them touched it.

Sullivan wanted to squirm under Aaron's intense gaze, pretend that it wasn't welcome, pretend there was a semblance of discomfort at the situation. But there was only longing, and a deeply buried heat that

Sullivan had tried to stomp out years ago.

“Why do you work at a club, Bobby?” Aaron finally asked. “Why aren’t you still in the corps?”

“Got discharged.” He grunted out.

Aaron looked away, shaking his head in disgust. “I thought they’d given up going after you, I’m sorry, I thought —“

“It was under Article 128. Court Martial. Dishonourable Discharge. 128.” Sullivan picked up the mug of coffee and stared at the thick handle, remembering that night in the bar and the glass mug he wielded as a weapon to expel all the pain and anger from Aaron’s arrest.

“Assault?” Aaron leaned forward, eyes disbelieving. Sullivan nodded to confirm.

“What happened?”

“Doesn’t matter now.”

“Bobby…” Aaron implored, his voice soft with pity. His hand reached out to grip Sullivan’s wrist, and suddenly the shame overcame him. He didn’t need Aaron’s pity.

Sullivan turned the tables and gripped Aaron’s wrist, tugging it towards him and inspecting the gold watch fastened around it.

“Nice,” Sullivan scoffed, “must be doing well for yourself. Despite….” He trailed off. A flash of hurt crossed Aaron’s face at the caustic tone. Sullivan didn’t know why he was being an asshole. He didn’t know how to handle himself. Handle these emotions he had buried so deep he thought they’d never see the light of day again.

“I’m a lawyer now. Went back to school. Retrained after…”

“Never too late to start again.” Sullivan conceded in a kinder tone. And that was the the pain at the core wasn’t it? Their entire lives turned upside down and started again. Aaron had landed on his feet and he hadn’t.

“You work there all the time?” Aaron asked.

“No, got job in a factory too. The bouncing’s just for extra cash. Never had the brains like you did, Major.”

“Don’t call me that.” Aaron’s said icily.

Sullivan swallowed, ashamed. They sat there at an impasse, neither sure where to go, how to bridge the gap between them.

“It’s my fault.” Sullivan admitted finally. The guilt burning too brightly for him to choke down any longer.

“Its my fault. I told Matt you’d come on to me and that’s why I was leaving.” He rushed the words out before sucking in a breath, “Its my fault that he reported you, my fault that you were investigated—“ He was crying now, “My fault they arrested you. They wanted to know about you, about us, she wanted me to take off my shirt, I didn’t know how to say no. I didn’t think—“

Aaron got up and for a second, Sullivan was afraid he was leaving, but he rounded the table and crowded him back into the corner of the booth.

“Bobby… Bobby” Aaron said in a calm and measured voice, trying to pull him out of his spiral. He reached out and grasped his face in his hands him forwards until his forehead rested against Aaron’s own.

Sullivan was sobbing now, the weight and the loneliness of the past five years all come upon him at once. He was embarrassed. He tried to pull back but Aaron tugged him forward further, tucking his face into his neck, cradling his close-shaved head and murmuring soft words into his ear.

“It’s alright Bobby, it’s alright. It wasn’t your fault.”

After a while, Sullivan’s sobs quietened and he pulled back, his eyes shot through with small red veins, he looked into Aaron’s, they were full of sadness and kindness — more than Sullivan deserved.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry I left,” he whispered.

“I’m not.” Aaron said, “I didn’t want what happened to me to happen to you.” Aaron stroked a thumb across Sullivan’s cheek, “I wanted you safe.”

“Suppose it did anyway,” Sullivan sniffed, “just did it to myself instead.”

Aaron smiled sadly, and said “You got anyone I can call for you?”

“No,” Sullivan shook his head, “no one since…”

Sullivan could see the moment what he meant dawned on Aaron, his eyes darkened, and his lips parted in disbelief.

“Bobby,” he growled, and it reminded Sullivan so much of the sweaty days and nights spent in a Guam motel room, that he couldn’t help himself, he surged forward and crashed his lips to Aaron’s.

Aaron met his kiss with equal frenzy, biting at Bobby’s lower lip, parting them with his tongue and pushing in. They kissed frantically, hands roaming over each other’s shoulders, arms, chests – uncaring who saw, because they were in Miami, in a twenty-four hour diner and they were free at last.

Aaron’s hand slid up and inside Bobby’s shirt to rest on his left pec, over their shared promise. Semper Fi.

———

They lay beside each other panting with exhaustion, sweaty and sated and oh so familiar. Aaron’s apartment was much nicer than Bobby’s but it was also closer which had been the main pull.

Aaron reached over to grasp his hand and pull him onto his side, cuddling up at Aaron’s back in they way they had always fallen asleep. Bobby kissed his shoulder and held him tightly.

Aaron’s squeezed his hand in response, nuzzling his body back further until there was no telling where one ended and the other began.

“It’s never too late to start again, Bobby.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!